

The Musical World.

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A RECORD OF THE THEATRES, MUSIC, LITERATURE, FINE ARTS,
FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE, &c.

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SATURDAY, JULY 10, 1847.

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OUR CONCERT.

WE subjoin a sketch of the Programme of the second annual concert which we have the pleasure to give to our subscribers. The full particulars will be announced in the bills of the day, and previously in the morning papers.

PART I.

QUARTET—MM. Joachim, Sainton, Hill, and Rousselot, } Spohr
(of the Beethoven Quartet Society,) }
DUET—The Misses Williams, H. Smart
SONG—Mr. H. Phillips, Mendelssohn
ETUDES—Harp—M. Godefroid, Godefroid
ARIA—Miss Dolby, Mozart
SONATA—Mr. Sterndale Bennett and Herr Joachim, Beethoven
Conductor, M. Benedict.

PART II.

TRIO—MM. Lindsay Sloper, Sainton, and Piatti, Macfarren
SONG—Madame Macfarren, Spohr.
SONG—Miss Dolby, Mendelssohn
SONG—Mr. Lockey, (Elijah) Mendelssohn
TRIO—Miss A. and M. Williams, Miss Dolby, (Eli, ah) Mendelssohn
SOLO—Violin—Herr Joachim, Bach.
Conductor, Herr Luders.

* * * Subscribers who have paid their Subscriptions up to Christmas, 1847, are entitled to a Free Ticket which may be had of the Publisher of the Musical World, "Nassau Steam Press," 60, St. Martin's Lane, Charing Cross.

In the above programme we have aimed at the Latin maxim, *multum in parvo*, and we trust that its excellence will make up for its brevity.

RACHEL.

RACHEL has come back to us—the dark-browed Queen of Tragedy. Rachel has come back to us—the incomparable priestess, who sacrifices at the altar of the passions. Rachel has come back to us, with her long black hair and flashing eyes, to interpret the masterpieces of Corneille, Racine, and Voltaire, which but for her would lie buried on the shelves of the book-worm.

Before this inspired woman, on whose pale face the Tragic Muse gleams flickering, in its latest gasp, all other aspirants must bow down. She is the dramatic phenomenon of the epoch—the last and greatest of a noble race, which with her will become extinct, and remain but as a memory of the past, a sorrow of the present, and a mockery of the to-come.

We went among the crowd that thronged, on Monday, to the theatre in St. James's. The play was *Les Horaces* of Pierre Corneille. The silence was as death; the people feared to breathe, lest the intensity of expectation should be disturbed by common-place events. At last she appeared—Rachel, the child of intellect, the sybil with the drooping brow. At last she appeared, and there was one cheer, like a thunder-clap, to welcome her. And then not a breath, not a motion—all eyes, all hearts were full of the one object. And what pen can describe the first tones of that deep and infinite voice

that stole upon the ear, after a twelvemonth's silence, like the music of a day that is dead! The voice of Rachel is the trumpet of the drama—the phonic reality of the thoughts of mighty poets gone to their last home—an echo of the eternal harmony. It stirs up the soul with a new emotion—it awakens it from its lethargy, and reminds it of its immortality.

As we gazed on that spare form, too small a prison-house for the strong spirit that moves within, we inwardly inquired:—"Can this be all that remains to us of tragedy? Is this the last interpreter of art in its sublimest manifestation? Is she alone to be the medium by which those terrible truths shall shake the soul and purify it?" Too true it is, alas! In that young girl the eloquence of the tragic art is concentrated—when death shall have sealed her lips it will be mute for ever! That which was, and is now through her, a thing to make life precious, will be remembered only by some of us as a tradition. But thus it is with things that are human and finite. Shakspeare's art is lost, and so will Rachel's be, ere long. Who seeks to find them may waste his days in vain. They who arise in after times will smile incredulously when you tell them of the wonders of the drama; the things of their own day will engross their whole sympathies, and they will be cold to your enthusiasm. But they who remember, whose hearts are with the past, and who feel no sympathy with the changes of time, will go to their chambers and weep—weep in vain, for that which they regret is gone for ever! There is now no name for it. What was used to tug your very heart-strings, will to your children have no power to speak—what to you had all the glowing eloquence of poetry and passion, to them will be a lifeless thing, insensible, stock-dumb.

Come then, you, who are yet lucky enough to live in the autumn of the drama—come and let not its grey hairs go down to the grave unhonoured. Here is the youngest, the fairest, the last of its children. Here is Rachel, singing the prophecy of its burial. It has long been on the wane, it has long been lingering, it has long had one foot in eternity. By a convulsive effort it has given birth to another child—the feeblest and yet the favourite. To this child it is assigned to be the priest that shall shrive and the sexton that shall toll the bell. When the drama is dead, Rachel shall sit upon its tomb and wring her hands and weep. Come then, before the crisis happens—come and do homage to this child of genius, who lays the head of the old drama in her lap, and lulls it to sleep that it may not die outright of exhaustion.

Let no new prophet of a strange religion prevent you from paying respect to such exalted genius—let no "Nightingale" dim the brightness of Rachel. Be not as Midas, who gave the prize to Pan, insensible to Apollo's heaven-delighting song—prove not yourself worthy the long-ears, which graced that foolish king—for that endowment you will surely merit when

the music of a voice, the queendom of a brow, the grandeur of a form, and the brightness of an intellect, that have no where a parallel on earth, shall have ceased to make your very heart quake with emotion.

It is not for us to criticise the Camille of Rachel; that is done elsewhere by an abler hand than ours. And, indeed, were we critics, the pen would fail us in the attempt to analyse so transcendent a performance. In all our memory of dramatic events we can find nothing, absolutely nothing, that is in any way comparable to it. It is not acting—it is inspiration; it is not Rachel, the actress, but the soul of Corneille, the poet, which makes her the oracle of its thoughts. In the hands of Rachel, the part of Camille is a growth from an opening bud of innocence to a full-blown flower of passion. Who, in the quiet pensive maiden, remarkable only for the deep-meaning eye and the eloquent grace of gesture and motion, would suspect the impetuous nature that erupts at the end, with the fierceness and fury of an *Ætna*? Who in that soft voice would dream of the terrible discord of hate and rage and scorn, the offspring of a broken love, that afterwards assails the ear and wrings the heart?

But enough; when we have said that Rachel is once more amongst us, we have announced the presence of the greatest dramatic genius in the world. No worshipper of one of the noblest, most intellectual, and most refined of arts will lose this opportunity—which, for aught we know may be the last—of witnessing her performances and paying homage at the shrine of her incomparable talent. D.

FLOWERS AND WOMEN.

No. I.

"We are the sweet flowers,
Born of sunny showers:
Think, whenever you see us, what our beauty saith,"
LEIGH HUNT.

Prologue.

FAIR reader, have we not chosen a charming subject for the season of the year? Will not you—

"Who lose the deep'ning twilight of the spring
In ball-rooms and hot theatres."

cordially thank us for quieting your gentle consciences for such treason against Nature, by providing you with a kind of literary "*rus in urbe*?" It has occurred to us that the language and true significance of flowers have never yet been really comprehended. Arbitrary senses have been attributed to different blossoms; each one has been regarded as a word, whereby a pretty, fanciful phraseology has been constructed, for the use of lukewarm love-makers; but the significance which we propose to develop is not arbitrary and fanciful, but real and philosophical. It is now an established fact with metaphysicians, that the material world is, in its whole and in all its parts, strictly analogous to, and symbolical of, the spiritual universe. Every low degree of life, say the metaphysicians, shadows forth the next degree above it. We purpose, in the succeeding sketches, to show how accurately this proposition applies to flowers as symbolizing feminine beauty. Every one who has studied the subject of female loveliness—and who has not done so?—must have remarked that there are certain distinct classes of beauty. The world of beauty is divided into various orders, among the members of each of which there prevails a marked family likeness. Now we propose to show that each order of beauty has its manifest prototype in some one species of flower; and in order to the attainment of this object, we shall select some half dozen, or so, of the commonest favourites, with plain names, and draw the parallel between them and the orders of beauty they symbolize. How much more attractive must this spiritual botany prove, than the miserable material science which delights in tearing blossoms to bits, to find out how they are made! How much more in harmony with this season of sweet promise,

"When proud-pied April, dress'd in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing!"

1.—The Violet.

We are to describe the human parallel to the violet. Our task has been partially anticipated by the poets, who, from time immemorial, have flattered this little flower above all others. Hear what the sprightly poet of "*Rimini* declareth of these blue-eyed pets:—

"We are the violets blue,
For our sweetness found
Careless in the mossy shades,
Looking on the ground."

Perdita prattleth of—

"Violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath;"

and a dozen others have unconsciously attempted, with regard to the violet, the task which we propose to ourselves, of indicating the analogies of flowers and fair faces. These, then, are the human violet:—Her modesty is much, and yet unconscious; she is thoughtful and self-centred, but quite unselfish; she is careless of, and indeed, seems scarcely to comprehend laudation when she is the object of it; her love is great, and she has few words to tell it in; but what of that? her eye discourses more eloquent language than that of "*lovers' tongues by night*." Her beauty is not striking, but its presence makes you happy, and its absence is grief. You love the world more for loving her—perhaps because you feel that she will love you more for loving the world. You dare sit in her presence and say nothing, and you long to call her by her Christian name the first time you see her. Her manners and her voice are very simple, feminine, and quiet, and utterly distance all spoken applause; if you wish to praise her to your friend, you will mention her name, look in his eyes, and keep silence. If you value your peace, beware of loving her too much, for, although she knows not her own worth, she will never give herself to one who is not worthy of her. If you think that you are worthy of her, you will surely fail, for your thought proves plainly that you are not so. You cannot quarrel with her. If you do ill, or are harsh to her, she will make no reply, but will weep tears that seem sharper to your heart than the strokes of daggers. If you do well, she will reward you with smiles that make you forget any other heaven.

PISCATORY MUSIC.

AQUATIC animals are generally supposed to be destitute of the means of making themselves heard; and if they communicate with each other, it is usually supposed that it must be otherwise than by sound. The seal has, it is believed, a peculiar and distinct cry; and the grampus snorts as it attains the surface. Frogs and other amphibious animals croak long and loud enough, but in all these cases the sounds are emitted, not under, but above the water, and by creatures rarely more than half aquatic. The cetaceous races have warm blood, and suckle their young; and fishes, properly so called, are considered, as we shall presently show, erroneously, a silent race. The long-eared Balaamite is justly reckoned the strangest ass mentioned in history, and a scaly creature emitting sounds may truly be reckoned a very odd fish indeed. A party lately crossing from the promontory in Salsette, called the Neat's Tongue, to near Sewree, were, about sunset, struck by distinct sounds, like the protracted booming of a distant bell, the dying cadence of an *Æolian* harp, the note of a pitchpipe or pitchfork, or any other long-drawn-out musical note. It was at first supposed to be music from Parell, floating at intervals on the breeze; then it was perceived to come from all directions almost in equal strength, and to arise from the surface of the water all around the vessel. The boatmen at once intimated that the sounds were produced by fish abounding in the muddy creeks and shoals around Bombay and Salsette; they were perfectly well known, and very often heard. Accordingly, on inclining the ear towards the surface of the water—or, better still, by placing it close to the planks of the vessel—the notes appeared loud and distinct, and followed each other in constant succession. The boatmen next day produced specimens of the fish—a creature closely resembling in size and shape the fresh-water perch of the north of Europe, and spoke of them as plentiful, and perfectly well known. It is hoped that they may be procured alive, and the

means afforded of determining how the musical sounds are produced and emitted, with other particulars of interest supposed new in ichthyology. We shall be glad to receive from our readers any information they can give us in regard to a phenomenon which does not appear to have been hitherto noticed, and which cannot fail to attract the attention of the naturalist. Of the perfect accuracy with which the singular facts above related have been given, no doubt will be entertained when it is mentioned that the writer was one of a party of five intelligent persons, by all of whom they were most carefully observed, and the impressions of all of whom in regard to them were uniform. It is supposed that the fish are confined to particular localities—shallows, estuaries, and muddy creeks, rarely visited by Europeans; and that this is the reason why hitherto no mention, so far as we know, has been made of the peculiarity in any work on natural history.

A Treatise on the "Affinities" of Goethe, IN ITS WORLD-HISTORICAL SIGNIFICANCE,

DEVELOPED ACCORDING TO ITS MORAL AND ARTISTICAL VALUE,
Translated from the German of Dr. Heinrich Theodor Röttscher,
Professor at the Royal Gymnasium at Bromberg.

CHAPTER I.—SECTION III. (continued from page 426).

THE IDEA OF THE "AFFINITIES" IN ITS ORGANIZATION.

BUT even in the form last described, we must not overlook an internal distinction. The common feature certainly rests, as we have shewn, on the moral idea triumphing over the downfall of the individual; but within this common result (so to call it) is opened a perfectly different development of the struggle, by which the true concrete vitality of this relation is first produced.

The foundation of this internal distinction, we discern in the opposition of the male and female natures. The first has, with self-consciousness, to elevate itself to its destination, and, both thinking and acting, to engage in the struggle with itself and the world, that it may work itself out into a moral character. Woman, on the other hand, lives essentially in the feelings, and attains her highest destination in marriage, when the empire of the feelings preserves its highest acknowledgment and purest value. But man, by his very nature, stands farther from the feelings; the affinity with nature is, in him, weaker than in woman. He cannot obtain his existence and his position without a struggle. But on this very account, we require from him a battle with the stubborn opposition of passion and reality. If we find ourselves deceived in this—if he is consigned to the natural force of the feelings—if he is no more able to free himself from their abyss, we designate it weakness and impotence, and we turn from it, as from a missed destination, with a sense of pity and depression, without being again elevated by a counterpoise. If we further consider that this victory of the passion over the moral idea, has been fought for on a soil, which is not extended over the whole domain of the masculine mind; that much more the consciousness of his distinction of the problem he should solve, carries man far beyond the circle of marriage, which only moves in the feelings; his succumbing appears as a frightful evidence of an internal want of firmness. It is no tragical fate, in the highest sense, which seizes him, and the individual has, for the poetry of the moral spirit of marriage, profited the right of occupying the centre, since a mere weakling is unable to gain from us the absorbing painful interest of a deeply shaken soul.

This interest we retain alone for a truly tragic history. If, on the other hand, a female being, living quite in the feelings, as incapable of struggle as a plant, consuming the elements of her own existence, announces herself as a rich heart (*Gemüth*), by her mysterious affinity with the macrocosm, which extends even to the inmost nerves,—if such a being, we say, is seized by a feeling, which fills her own existence, and to which she involuntarily resigns herself, as if compelled, then do we behold the shattering energy of a natural force, to which we behold the tender creature irrevocably bound. Being magically touched by a feeling, which no more changes, but increases with gigantic growth, she falls, and must certainly fall into guilt, not being able to tranquilize her trembling heart for him, who, as the husband of another, ought only to inspire her with passionless sympathy. If, now, a woman,

who certainly manifests the deepest nature of her sex,—if this being is entangled in an unhappy feeling, which rules her as a natural force, and with every movement, unconsciously makes the bonds firmer and more indissoluble,—if this being, we say, cannot make her heart the grave of her heart, then we are not seized, as in the case of the man's fall, with the feeling that the problem of life has been missed, through weakness and want of firmness on the part of the individual, but an infinite pain, as at an unalterable, unconquerable existence, overwhelms us. Here is first produced the genuine tragic tone. But this tone has not reached its highest intensity and purity, until it rests, not only upon the painful sense of an involuntary resignation to the feelings, and on that mysterious affinity, which determines the whole nature of the individual, but also morally steels itself by that consciousness of guilt, which rises upon the loving creature like a star which lights her night and her destiny. This consciousness of wrong has, in a deeply-feeling creature, who represents, quite unadulterated, the feminine nature, the same *infinite certainty* as her love. Thus do both sides stand opposed to each other, in their whole unbroken strength of absolute certainty. The act of the moral consciousness is *renunciation*, an unalterable resolution, which also appears as a revelation exalted above all reflection, from which, moreover, nothing can be extorted; the act of the natural force of the feelings, is the destruction of the earthly vessel, which was too weak for what was planted in it, and was burst by the developed power of the growth. There is not a more tragical pain than that which is produced out of such elements of absolute opposition. But even here—and this first completely justifies the predicate—the victory of the moral substance breaks forth, in the power of which over the consciousness of the individual, death first had its absolute power and truth.

From the region in which the opposites move, it necessarily follows that a woman must be the heroine of our work of art, and that in her, both the tragedy of a great, nay, monstrous fate, and the victory of the moral idea, is manifested in the highest poetical fullness and purity.*

In the three *momento*, which we have thus pointed out, independently of the work of art, is organically completed the circle of the positions and conflicts of which this substance is capable. One either stands on the step of the dissolving† understanding, and, therefore, external to, or rather beneath all collision, in this region; or one regains peace within the struggle, by means of moral freedom, and thus seeks to secure oneself from the guilt which is already comprised in the very struggle; or, lastly, one is ruined by this contradiction to the natural force of feeling, because one can neither throw off the power of the moral idea, nor render oneself independent of one's feelings. The Count and the Baroness, the Captain and Charlotte, Edward and Ottilia,‡ are the bearers of these completely developed elements.

It is obvious, from what has been said, that those figures which are not placed in such relations and conflicts, with respect to the moral idea of marriage, important as their individuality may otherwise be, can only occupy the second rank in the work of art. But, independent as they may at first sight appear of this kernel of the whole, we must not look upon them as only an external ornament, or as a mere lever for the development, but they must be attracted by the substance of the kernel itself, and kept in tension by its power. They must, therefore, through their individuality, awaken an intuition (or view), which unveils a moral relation to the idea of the work. We will endeavour to find this.

It will not be denied, that our mind, when it has once taken a determined direction, when it has once lived itself into a particular region, brings everything into a relation, into some private connec-

* Solger, too, in his remarks of the "Affinities," recognizes Ottilia as the chief person of the whole, by saying, "She is, at the same time, the true child, and the sacrifice of nature. With these two words is expressed everything good and great that can be said of woman. And how infinite and inexhaustible is this! A woman must necessarily be the chief person." To ground the necessity of this claim did not lie in Solger's plan.—Dr. Röttscher's Note.

† That is to say, dissolving the tie recognised as absolute by the moral consciousness.

‡ This classification of the three pairs, so as to make them represent the three possible collisions of marriage, is a masterly display of acuteness. The first pair, though they are comparatively minor personages in the romance, are important personations of a contented state of immorality, while Charlotte and the Captain represent the triumph of morality over passion, and Ottilia and Edward, the destruction of the individuals in the struggle between the two.—Translator.

tion with that region. Thus, with respect to a work of art, which conjures us into the circle of marriage, and its collisions, we ask involuntarily, what sort of *keeping* (*haltering*) would these forms, which stand externally to these positions, develop, if placed in them?—what solution should we have to expect from them? More closely considered, the question might change itself into this:—"Why are these forms brought by the poet into no position, in which their strength or their weakness—in short, their whole individuality might be manifested? Does it not lie in their very nature not to be so placed, because, as they are organized, this species of collision is and must remain to them a foreign element?"

But what individualities will represent to us a nature standing external to such collisions? Since the woman's element is feeling, so on the depth of feeling, of which she is capable, will also depend the importance and force of the collision into which she can fall. The more her essential being is directed to mere outward show, the more she is charmed by momentary gratification, by the brilliancy of variety; the more she is cast into a varying worldly course, so much the less will be the capability of depth. Whoever appears to us engaged in a pursuit so worldly, so calculated for the attainment of transient triumphs, so rioting in an abundance of vain homages, such a person may display many a brilliant trait of goodness of heart, perform many noble deeds in the excitement of the moment; but we shall scarcely believe that a deep feeling and inclination will permanently take possession of the whole heart, and plunge it for a length of time into sorrow and joy—into pain and delight. In this luxurious flower-growth, which, on its level ground, is so pleasing to the eye, no precipices and volcanic eruptions are opened. A female individuality, like the one described, therefore, just as decidedly rejects the representation of a state of mind shattered by struggling feelings, as, from its very nature, it presents itself as the (opposite) pole to a pure internal personality, visited by the force of a tragic fate.†

A man creates for himself a sphere of activity which lies beyond the feelings. The more cultivated he is, the more he is satisfied with an exalted calling, which fills his inmost nature, so much the further is he removed beyond the natural force of the feelings, so much the more decidedly does he give us the picture of an individuality, which is sound, and through its own self-conscious activity, at harmony with itself, and in which nature and spirit (or mind) have placed themselves in beautiful equilibrium. Such an individuality is eminently a plastic one, which, free from the billows of passionate feeling and heart-storms, rather, by a happy organization, transforms the impressions from men and things into advancing elements of life.

But here, also, in spite of the common foundation, a distinction can arise. The individual, namely, with a moral earnestness, with a thoroughly cultivated aptitude for his calling, with a circumspect understanding,—qualities which give him a worthy tone, and secure his heart from the natural force of feelings, and their collisions with moral power,—with all this, we say, he can lack that mild fire which first gives an ideal life to all these sides, he can be far removed from that grace of the heart, by which is first dissolved any appearance of a certain prosaic insipidity and pedantic stiffness, from which (grace), in a word, beautiful plastic individuality is first produced. Much, therefore, as such a form offers to us the spectacle of a personality exalted above the collisions between the feelings and morality, it nevertheless, from the want of ideality, does not elevate us into the region of contented existence in which there is not a breath of prosaic or insipid sense.

In the truly plastic form, on the other hand, the moral mode of thought, the animation for a noble calling has come to beautiful equilibrium with the warmth of feeling, so that at the sight of it, we feel just as much satisfied, and carried away beyond the storms of passion, as we also feel at the same time streamered through by a mild fire, which gives us the beneficial certainty, that on this ground of the heart also, the feelings can deeply cast their anchor. Here dwells that security which the moral cultivation preserves, united to the secret satisfaction at the internal fire, which, according to its integrity, can strike out at every moment, but is controlled by another invisible force, without being held down with exertion.

† Let us anticipate Dr. Rötcher's statement that this paragraph refers to Charlotte's daughter, Luciana.

For in the amiable individuality this very union of senses and mind has become, as it were, an immediate natural determination, in which man moves with equal freedom and grace. But certainly no calling, no activity will be more favourable to the cultivation we have sketched than that of the artist; for in it lies especially the uninterrupted elevation and transfiguration of the natural and the sensual, which now even in the individual is, as it were, called to become the virtuosity of the character,—a plastic individuality.

Here also a trilogy of forms has presented itself, the common union of which we recognised in that view produced by them, that, by their organisation, they are beyond the developed conflict; either from want of depth, and because the soul has quite lost itself in the surface beneath it, or by its moral weight and grace has raised itself above it. The bearers of these thoughts are *Lucianu*, the *school-assistant*, and the *architect*. In observing this trilogy, it lies near our purpose also to recognise their corresponding relation to the groups already developed by us. *Luciana* corresponds to the first sphere of the Count and Baron, who are removed from the collision through the stand-point of the frivolous and decomposing understanding; the assistant to the second group, Charlotte and the captain, who, through their moral freedom free themselves from the guilt to recover themselves again—finally, the architect to the tragic group, Edward and Ottilia. The prosaic element in the individuality of the assistant naturally places him in this comparison, on the side of less poetical depth and fulness; and of that more prosaic solution which is presented in the fate of Charlotte and the captain; while the plastic and poetical figure of the architect finds its necessary counterpart in the third group, and more especially in that of Ottilia, who falls a victim to the violent force of her own beautiful individuality.*

We have, by our own statement, recognised, and brought to consciousness, the members of a perfect life. Scarcely could another new chord be struck in this sphere, the tones of which would lack harmony. But completely as all the positions and thought-relations of this moral substance are manifested, the thinking mind might still look round for an element which, in these collisions and oppositions of feeling, should enter pacifying and mediating. The individualities at last revealed indeed free the sight, and deliver the soul from the pain, which the destiny of the individuality forces upon it, but it does not lie in their nature to penetrate into the mysteries of this heart-world, and there to wish to settle themselves. The more ideal the personality, the more removed is it from the design of wishing to make that good or level, which man can perform only in himself and through himself. It is therefore obvious, that such an attempt to stalk along, and pacify by a mediating word, does not settle the conflict. The deeper the seat of the malady, so much the more inaccessible is it to an external cure. The word never overcomes the strife of a wounded heart—this is a region into which it does not penetrate, from which, on the contrary, it dully reverberates. The passions unfold themselves, as it were deriding the appeasing word, which ventures down these precipices. Only the storm of destiny plucks out the roots, while the light and mild breezes of speeches rustle round the tree, without penetrating into its birth-place. But the word, which ventures on the attempt to soothe matters, because it would honestly effect a reconciliation everywhere, has really no thorough knowledge of the enemy with whom it has to deal. Hence it always experiences anew the impotence of its weapons. If these weapons were all to help—if, in general, the sensible, well-meant word of another, were all to afford assistance to the torture of heart, it would not indeed stand in need of this foreign ally; the workshop for this armoury, the man, has just as much in himself as he has also experienced the inequality of this contest. But the importance of the advice increases with the depth of the heart and the intensity of the feeling. Both stand in an inverse ratio to each other—the growth of the last condi-

* Solger also suspected something of the sort with respect to the signification of the architect, since he says of him:—"I cannot help internally laughing, when it is said of him, how would he shew himself if he came into this or that situation? But he does not come into it, and that properly belongs to him. Therefore, this quiet internal greatness of a youthful hero, is something very bright, even through the fact that it is not tested by circumstances. Only he does not elude the test by voluntary limitation, but by his nature." In this, indeed, there is recognised neither his true relation to the whole, nor his position with respect to the others.—Dr. Rötcher's Note.

tions, at the same time the ineffectiveness of the first. The busy attempt of the man to press into the most private paths of human feeling, to disentangle the tenderest knots which has formed themselves unobserved in the moral relation of marriage, ends for us with the certainty that a vain endeavour is made that the cure is only to be left to the heart itself, and that the day of fate can thereby be neither pushed back nor hastened.

In a work which descends into the depth of a heart-world, and describes the contest which is kindled from the opposition of the immediate and moral feelings, the manifestation of the insufficiency of the eloquent and sensible word cannot be wanting. The incongruity of these elements must exhibit itself as an opposition of two organs entirely different from each other.

But the word and the advice address themselves to the thinking consciousness. They therefore presuppose an insight into the essence of the positions and of the substance in which they move themselves for the purpose of soothing. Only to this figure therefore belongs the expression of the absolute significance of the moral worth of marriage, in which it lifts itself up, like the antique chorus, to the intuition of the total Idea, but is also like it in this, that it is just as little able to keep off the pathos of the individuals in its crushing power. Therefore in Mittler the idea of the whole first gains its internal completion; this *word*, which still belongs to the prosaic kingdom of reflection, becomes *flesh* through the creative genius in its artistical self-development, and thus first gains the highest truth, for by it the word first produces its energetic reality—the mind forms for itself its transparent organic body.

The words of Mittler: "marriage is the beginning and summit of all civilization. It makes the savage gentle, and the most cultivated man has no better means for the display of his gentleness. It must be indissoluble; for it brings so much happiness that no single case of unhappiness must be allowed to weigh against it. For separation there can be no sufficient reason. The position of man, both in joy and sorrow, is so high, that it is impossible to calculate what a married pair owe to each other. It is an infinite debt which can only be discharged by eternity." These words are the gospel of marriage; the work of art is the world of actuality, which has founded and proved this by its truth and depth.

The first part of our problem is solved. The choice of the subject-matter, its relation to reality, its world-historical importance, are brought into consciousness—the idea of which is comprehended in the element of the thought, its moments are unveiled. But the life organized in the bosom of the unsensual eternal thought must also detach itself from its base, and gain external existence, and by this the evidence of its life. The *logos* of the world of thought has therefore—so to speak—to transform itself into nature and concrete life. The living intuition of the hitherto only abstractedly designated characters, the comprehension of their concrete individuality and the understanding of the composition of the whole are the *movements* in which the knowledge of the work is first completed as it were, returns into its beginning.

END OF CHAPTER I.

. To prevent misunderstanding, it may be stated that the copyright of this translation belongs solely to the translator.

(To be continued.)

SONNET.

No. XLI.

The One that searcheth hearts!—only that One,
Who knows my sufferings, intense and long,—
Who knows how cares have press'd me in a throng,—
Can rightly judge the act which I have done.
I can stand up before the judgment-throne
Of God—and though all men may deem me wrong—
Can dare affirm, with resolution strong,
My course was right—aye, and that course alone.
Sweetest! for thee these words no meaning have;
The thing which they express thou knowest not.
Enough!—I have done all to set thee free
From ev'ry foe—e'en from myself—to save
Enquire not how;—but be it ne'er forgot,
That all which I have done, was done for thee.—N. D.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

ON Saturday, *La Sonnambula* was repeated, in presence of Her Majesty, Prince Albert, and the usual crowd. Madlle. Lind received, at the end of both acts, the stereotyped "ovations" to which, no doubt, by this time she must have become pretty well *blase*. However, she was in excellent voice, and deserved it all, and twice over. Cerito being indisposed, *Les Elemens* was postponed, and a *tableau* from *La Esmeralda* was danced by Carlotta Grisi and Perrot, with some selections from *Thea*, by Rosati, Petit Stephan, and D'Or.

On Tuesday, Verdi's *I Lombardi* was produced, with an important alteration from the cast of 1846. Castellan and Gardoni replaced Grisi and Mario, while Coletti assumed the part originally played by Fornasari. As a matter of history, it may be as well to give the story of this opera, which lies before us in the pages of the authorised programme, nightly distributed in the pit and boxes.

"Two gentlemen of Milan, brothers, named Pagano and Arvino, are attached to the fair Viciinda, but her heart is Arvino's, whom she espouses. Maddened by jealousy, Pagano stabs his brother in the cathedral of Ambroise, but only wounds him. He then flies his country, and becomes a chief of a band of robbers. A long period has elapsed; Giselda, the child of Arvino and Viciinda, has grown up, and Pagano returns to his country, to solicit from his brother a pardon, which is granted him in that very cathedral in which he formerly stabbed him. The evil passions of Pagano are aroused, and by the aid of Pirro, a bandit chief, he makes an unsuccessful attempt to carry off Viciinda, and assassinate his brother. But, in the confusion occasioned by a conflagration kindled by his own hand, he kills his father, and, after this fresh crime, disappears. A great crusade is preparing to redeem the Holy Land from the infidels. Arvino sets forth at the head of the Knights of Lombardy, followed by his daughter, Giselda, whose mother is dead. She is carried off by a band of Saracens, and conducted to the palace of the king, Accianus, at Antioch. The king's son, Oronte, falls in love with her, and she returns his affection. The city is governed by Pirro, who has become a renegade, but, stung by remorse, he seeks a Christian hermit, and confesses his crimes and repentance. The hermit promises him absolution, on condition that he introduces the Crusaders into the city. To this he consents; Antioch is taken, Accianus slain, and Oronte wounded, and Arvino finds his daughter lamenting the loss of her lover. But Oronte is not dead; he flies to Jerusalem, and is concealed in a cavern. The Crusaders, led by the hermit, appear to besiege the city, whilst Giselda discovers her lover, and is about to fly with him, when Arvino arrives. Oronte is mortally wounded, and dies in his mother's arms, after abjuring his faith. Giselda mourns over him, but is consoled by a divine vision, representing Oronte in Paradise surrounded by angels and saints. Jerusalem is captured. The hermit, who has performed prodigies of valour, and saved the life of Arvino, is himself mortally hurt. This hermit is Pagano, who, before he expires, obtains forgiveness from his brother."

There is very little interest in the plot, and the manner in which it is conducted by the poet has not helped to throw light on its obscurity. In respect to the music, with every wish to be lenient to Signor Verdi, whom we have been frequently taxed with underrating, we positively can discover nothing in it worthy of criticism. There is a pretty air for the tenor, "Ah! mia letizia," which Gardoni, who was in fine voice, sang with exquisite taste, receiving an encore; but even this is spoiled by the vulgarity of the *cabaletta*. A great fuss is made about the "Eastern" character of some of the incidental melodramatic pieces in *I Lombardi*, to which we can only reply, that if such be the style that obtains in the Orient, it merits even a worse reputation in musical matters than it enjoys—and that is barely possible. But we are thoroughly satiated with Verdi, and are not disposed to waste more words upon him, until it shall be our duty to analyse his new opera, *I Masnadieri*, which is now in rehearsal at Her Majesty's Theatre, which duty we shall endeavour to fulfil as conscientiously as lies in the power of human fallibility. Those who desire to know more about the music of *I Lom-*

burdi, we refer to *The Daily News*, which has recently come out rather strongly in *re Verdi*.

Much more agreeable is our task when we come to speak of the artists who endeavoured to instil something like vitality into this *caput mortuum*. To compare Castellan with Grisi would be unfair, and we are too entirely the well-wishers of the modest and amiable artist to serve her so unhandsomely. But Castellan has qualities of her own, which will serve her well enough without the aid of extravagant comparisons. She has a lovely voice, an earnest manner, a graceful delivery, and a large share of vocal art. With these she did all that lay in her power to lift the dull muse of Giuseppe Verdi out of the mire of mediocrity and that she failed to effect it must be laid to the heaviness of the muse, and not to want of zeal and talent on her part. What Grisi can do, with her wonderful power of electrifying masses by a single word or look, Castellan, with her gentle quiet bearing, has not the means of compassing. But the charming artist deserves praise for her perseverance, even in a cause so unworthy of it, and this we accord her *avec empressement*.

Gardoni was lucky in having music to sing something less unendurable, and consequently his success was greater. We have not heard this graceful artist sing with more judgment and effect since his first appearance in *La Favorita*, when he made so great a sensation. Gardoni is evidently not satisfied with his *statu quo*, favourable as that may be. To use a happy expression of the *Chronicle*, "he has hoisted the standard of progress,"—and to add a happier figure of our own, "he is determined to go-a-head." Moreover, as an actor, Gardoni makes daily and visible advance, and we have very little doubt that he will eventually turn out one of the most brilliant ornaments of the lyric stage.

Coletti, in the part of Pagano, was an immense improvement on Fornasari in the vocal requisites, although his acting may have lacked a shade of the energy which was the distinguishing characteristic of his predecessor's talent. For power and quality of voice this young baritone has no superior, and there is a certain earnest manliness in his deportment, which united to a great degree of sensibility in his acting, carries with it an irresistible charm. Coletti is certainly one of the most valuable of the recent acquisitions of the establishment. Bouché was excellent in the small part of Pirro, and the still smaller parts of Arvino and Viclinda were extremely well sustained by Signor Correlli and Mad. Solari. A word in praise of the invariable efficiency of Mad. Solari in whatever falls to her lot, may fairly be added here. Although of secondary importance, the careful artist in these subordinate departments of the lyric stage is highly essential.

Balfe is deserving of unqualified praise for the style in which he conducted the orchestra, which was spirited, intelligent, clear, and decided. The oftener we find occasion to reflect on the position of our gifted countryman in Her Majesty's Theatre, the more do we feel disposed to congratulate Mr. Lumley on the possession of so zealous and admirable an officer. Since the opening of the season Balfe's duties have been arduous and unremitting, but his determination to uphold the credit of the establishment to which he belongs, has helped him over all his difficulties, and he has come out from the ordeal with credit to himself and benefit to his employer. It is pretty nearly certain that without Balfe the artistic business of the theatre could not possibly have been carried on this season. Can we then, who wish well to the establishment, be too earnest or too frequent in praising him for what he has already done, and urging him to go on and still further prosper. The European name which Balfe has

deservedly won by his numerous dramatic compositions confers lustre on any establishment with which he may be connected, while his industry and devotion to the cause which he has made his own, if they cannot add to his great musical reputation, double, nay quadruple his value in the honourable and distinguished post he has now so worthily filled for two long and perplexing seasons.

The performances concluded with Perrot's *Les Elemens*, which excited the usual furore. Rosati was encoired in her *pas*, and Carlotta Grisi, who danced more exquisitely than we have known even her incomparable self to dance, created an enthusiasm almost unparalleled in the annals of this greatest of choregraphic establishments. The encore accorded to Carlotta, which she long hesitated to accept from a most worthy and comrade-like motive (which Rosati overlooked, and which will be explained immediately) but at last was forced to accede to, was something "*Lindish*," if not altogether unprecedented. Poor Cerito, who regardless of her yet uncured foot (which she hurt on the previous Thursday) danced with all her wonted spirit and grace, was also encoired in her *pas*, and though her accident was very generally published, and the pain she suffered was evident to all observers, the brutal public, disregarding her imploring looks and supplicating gestures, insisted on its being repeated; the result of which was that she was compelled to retire before the end of the *divertissement*, leaving the resolution of the elemental problem to Fire, Water, and Earth—Carlotta, Rosati, and the four principal coryphées, Cassan, Thevenot, James, and Honoré. It was the knowledge of this that made the kindly Carlotta backward to accept the encore which Rosati responded to (perhaps involuntarily—we are too glad to find a verdict in favor of so charming an artist) so readily. Carlotta knew that Cerito could not, without pain, go through her difficult *pas* twice in succession, and, sister-like, she was loth to glorify herself at the expense of her suffering comrade. It is this amiable and unjealous disposition that adds three-fold lustre to the incomparable talent of Carlotta Grisi, and makes her personally liked as much as she is artistically worshipped.

Nothing remains to say, but that *Roberto il Diavolo* was repeated on Thursday, with Mdlle. Lind as Alice, one of her best characters; that *Les Elemens* followed; and that the house was crowded to the ceiling.

Taglioni has arrived—Marie Taglioni, the great star, not Marie Taglioni, the little angel—and now Perrot will doubtless set his inventive genius to work upon a *Pas de Cinq*, for Taglioni, Carlotta, Cerito, Rosati, and Grahni, the like of which shall have never been seen, and will probably never be seen again. *Va Perrot!*—do your best—and if possible outshine yourself. D.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

THE managers of the Royal Italian Opera appear to us to have the same idea of *prime donne*, as regards the required number at a theatre, as Figaro, in the *Barbier de Seville* has of love; "*En fait d'amour, trop, même n'est pas assez*," and which they might justly paraphrase into; "Respecting *prime donne*, even too many are not sufficient for such a house as ours." In the same theatre with Grisi, Persiani, Alboni, Corbari, and Madame Ronconi, we were present last Saturday evening at the *début* of a new *prima donna*, in the person of Mademoiselle Steffanoni, who made her first appearance in this country, and was heralded by a great continental reputation. For what purpose the management engaged her with their present unprecedented strength of *soprani* we have not mental scope to fathom: it is certain she was engaged from the

commencement of the season, and we suppose they had no opportunity to bring her forward before Saturday. This is feasible, in as much as the Royal Italian Opera programme numbered Mdlle. Steffanoni's among its promised *débutantes*; and assured the directors, up to the present moment, have been rigidly adherent to the expectations held out. It was no small risk on the part of the new company, after Grisi's repeated triumphs and Alboni's immense success, to put forward another candidate for further approval, and expect another ovation. But the management felt they submitted themselves to no terrible ordeal by testing the new *prima donna* before their audience, and the result proved their judgment correct, for Mdlle. Steffanoni achieved one of the most brilliant of their numerous successes of the season. Verdi's tragic opera of *Ernani* was produced especially for the *début* of the fair *cantatrice*, the part of Elvira being one in which she had won the highest repute in several continental theatres. Mdlle. Steffanoni's voice is a pure *soprano* of the most brilliant quality, combining sweetness and power in the upper register, but like most voices of the class, possessing no extraordinary power in the lower tones. To this splendid organ the singer unites the most irreproachable taste and consummate art. Her method of vocalization is entirely original, her *broderies* exhibiting with a perfect mastery over the voice the most surprising difficulties. Her sustained *trillo* is quite astonishing, and might vie even with Grisi's, while her intonation is almost faultless. Before alluding further to the new *prima donna* we deem it necessary to say a few words concerning the production of *Ernani* at the Royal Italian Opera on Saturday. The cast of characters, as usual in all performances at this theatre, was as efficient as it could possibly be. It was as follows:—

Ernani,	•	•	•	SIGNOR SALVI.
Don Carlos,	•	•	•	MADemoiselle ALBONI.
Don Ruy Gomez de Silva,	•	•	•	SIGNOR MARINI.
Don Riccardo,	•	•	•	SIGNOR PIACENTINI.
Jago,	•	•	•	SIGNOR POLONINI.
Elvira,	•	•	•	MDLLE. STEFFANONI.
Giovanna,	•	•	•	MADAME BELLINI.

We were much surprised at perceiving Alboni cast for a *barytone* part, and could not refrain from surmising that the extraordinary capabilities of the great artiste would be somewhat unwisely tested by giving her a part written entirely for a man. But, however much there might have been lost in this curious transposition of parts, Alboni's exquisite singing, and her excellent acting, made the auditors feel too delighted to discern any difference, or find any fault in the substitution. The music of *Ernani* pleases us less than any opera we have heard from the pen of Verdi. None of the situations betray a glimpse of dramatic power. The *finale* to the first act requires but a little less musical depth, and a more thorough non-comprehension of orchestral effects, to render it quite contemptible. The unisons, are as lavishly made use of as usual in the composer's score and Verdi's poverty is as conspicuous in the music of *Ernani*, as in any opera of his we have heard. The same mawkishness, the same ultra-sentimentality, the same inanity of melody, or tune prevails throughout. We might, perhaps, allow some melodic merit to Elvira's *scena*, "*Ernani, involami*," which has a Pacinish flavour in it, but further concession we could not conscientiously make. The performance of the opera from beginning to end was magnificent, and created an absolute *furor*. The chorus, which appears to us to get better every night, was splendid in the opening Bacchanalian song, "*Allegri! beviamo*." Ernani's *andante*—

"Come rugiada al cespite,"

was beautifully vocalised by Signor Salvi; but the composition is unworthy the efforts of the great artist. After the first scene, Mademoiselle Steffanoni made her appearance, and was welcomed with repeated rounds of applause. The fair *débutante* is most prepossessing in looks and manners, and won the audience at the first glance. In form she inclines to the *embonpoint*. Her face, without being remarkably handsome, is exceedingly expressive, and her whole deportment is characterised by grace and ease. Her opening recitative—

"*Fora è la notte, e Silva non retorna!*"

set the mind at once at rest as to her vocal capabilities. It was in reality a splendid display of artistic singing. Mdlle. Steffanoni executed some *cadenzas*, which exhibited the brilliancy of her voice and the purity and novelty of her style in such a manner as to draw down a loud and long continued cheer. The *cavatina* was still more splendid and obtained for the *cantatrice* a unanimous re-call. The triumph of the singer was now complete. In the first *finale* she came out with great power, her voice being heard distinctly above the immense chorus. Her acting also was very expressive and good. In her scene with Don Carlos, when she snatches the dagger from his side and threatens to kill him, she displayed considerable energy, as she did also in the subsequent scene when Ernani enters, and deadly defiance passes between him and the king. She gave the passage commencing—

"*No, crudeli, d'amor non m'e pegno*"

with immense fire and abandonment. We are, however, compelled to admit that her want of power in the lower register of her voice is somewhat inimical to the interpretation of the strongest passion, and that, though she appears to have intellect equal to the highest efforts, this want must, to a certain extent, militate against her attempts in the loftiest school of tragic acting. We need not remind our readers that all the grand artistes in the tragic line were, or are, endowed with great power in the middle voice, such as Pasta, Malibran, Grisi, and Pauline Garcia; and, indeed, without this power it appears to us that the artistes, however otherwise splendidly favoured with the gifts of nature, are but performing the task of other Sisyphuses, when they essay the lordliest school of passion. Mdlle. Steffanoni's voice is a *soprano sfogato*, the very nature of which precludes, in general, the embodiment of tragic power in its grandest aim. In a few instances, and a few only we must say, this deficiency warred against the efforts of the splendid artiste; but, with these few exceptions, which justice wrings from us, we are bound to aver, that Mdlle. Steffanoni's performance and singing throughout were really splendid. We are inclined to think that other characters, which do not involve the interpretation of violent feelings, will be found to suit better the capabilities of the singer. But of this we shall have opportunities enough to judge anon. After the first act, a general call was made for Steffanoni, and all the artistes appeared, when *bouquets* were thrown on the stage in profusion, and after their departure the audience would not be satisfied till they had them on a second time. We cannot omit noticing the singing of Marini in this act. We had no idea before of the great vocal powers of this artist. His scene with Ernani and chorus was exceedingly fine, and he gave the *scena*—

"*Infelice! e tuo credevi*"

with immense fire and power, though his acting certainly lacked refinement. Salvi's acting and singing was admirable. Nor can we pass over the exquisite feeling and beauty Alboni infused into the *aria andante*—

"*Da quel dì che t'ho veduta,*"

in which she obtained a rapturous *encore*.

Act the second opens with a simple and pretty chorus, excellently sung. We cannot specify all the *morceaux* of this act. The duet for Elvira and Ernani, involving much pathetic singing and some fine acting, was splendidly given by Salvi and Steffanoni. The *ensemble*—

"Ah! morri potessi adesso!"

was exquisitely vocalised by the two artistes, albeit the composition itself belongs to the genus bombastic. The *trio* following—

"Invite invoco or io da te,"

was finely rendered by Salvi, Marini, and Steffanoni. There is much bustle and some good dramatic situations towards the end of this act, but the music is all moonshine *behind a cloud*, and the *duo finale* is worse than nonsense.

Act the third takes place in the Catacombs of Acquisgrana. The conspirators assemble and doom the King to death. The King is pre-advised of the treason and lays plans to receive the traitors. At a signal they are surrounded by the royal troops: Don Carlos enters and the conspirators await their doom. Elvira entreats for them, the King is moved to compassion, pardons his would-be-butchers, and hands over Elvira to Ernani. We remember little of the music of this act with gratification. Albani has a second *andante*, which she gave far better than the composition merited, receiving another *encore*, and Mdle. Steffanoni, in the appeal to Don Carlos—

"Ah! Signor, se té concesso,"

exhibited the tenderness and expression of her style which won her more admirers than any previous effort of the evening. A noisy, but somewhat dramatic chorus concludes the act, the singers being again called for with enthusiasm. It might naturally be supposed that the opera would end here, all the persons of the drama being made happy by the gracious pardon of his majesty Charles the Fifth. But no—there is a strange and unlooked-for *denouement*. Don Silva is a rare melo-dramatic personage. He is an odd compound of love, old age, hospitality, patriotism, and cruelty. He is enraged at Ernani, a proscribed bandit, aiming at the hand of Elvira, his intended bride, and still more enraged that Elvira should return the robber's love. He persuades Elvira that Ernani is dead and she consents to wed him. Ernani returns alive just as the nuptials are about to be celebrated. The King surrounds the castle of Don Silva at the same moment, having followed close on the heels of Ernani. Silva, though furious, is on hospitable thoughts intent, and will not betray Ernani. Ernani is concealed in a hiding-place and, on the departure of the King, he is released, but Don Silva will not be satisfied until Ernani fights a duel with him. Ernani refuses, stating that he cannot die easy until he joins Silva in his plots against the King's life, and has some hand in his death. He gives his horn to Silva and swears, when he blows upon it thrice, he will kill himself, no matter what may be the time, or place. Don Silva accepts the compromise. It is upon this strange bond that the tragedy of the opera depends. In the last act the scene opens with the bridal festivities of Ernani and Elvira. The wedded pair, just newly twin'd, are breathing their honey vows of affection; but, oh, and alas! the fell demon is at hand. Ernani hears the fatal horn that dooms him to bid farewell to love and the world; Silva enters and sternly demands the fulfilment of his lethal bond; Elvira pleads, but tears silver-shedded, and lily cheeks and white hands uplifted, and melting tones that might move a forest, are alike unavailable. The fiend demands his prey—and

Ernani, true to his oath, stabs himself and dies, Elvira fainting on his body. The act involves some dramatic situations, which afforded fine scope to display the powers of the artists. But the music is unequal to the situations, and were it not for the admirable acting of Salvi, Marini, and Steffanoni, would pass by us as the idle winds which we respect not. Steffanoni's appeal to Silva was extremely beautiful and her acting, throughout, designated by intensity and much feeling. Her bewilderment, when she finds that all hope is lost, was finely portrayed, and her agony, when she sees Ernani dying, was deliciously natural. Salvi's death was managed with consummate art, and the doggedness of Marini was finely contrasted with the despair of the unfortunate lovers. All the artistes were twice summoned, vociferously, at the fall of the curtain, and *bouquets* were again showered on the stage in honour of the fair *debutante*. Thus concluded another proud night for the management of the Royal Italian Opera: but the triumph of the night did not end with Steffanoni. Another *debutante* had yet to brave the critical inspection of the audience, in the person of the charming *danseuse*, Mdle. Plunkett, who made her first appearance in London for three seasons. But we must devote a separate paragraph to the fair daughter of Terpsichore.

Our readers must be aware that some few seasons since Mdle. Plunkett figured as a *seconde danseuse* at Her Majesty's Theatre. She was then very young, and had hardly completed her noviciate in the profession. Subsequently, a year later, we believe, Mdle. Plunkett appeared at Drury Lane as *premiere danseuse*, having, in the mean time, studied hard and made wonderful progress. She was in immense favour at Drury Lane. She was next engaged as *premiere danseuse* at the *Academie Royale* of Paris, where, for the last few years, she has been considered, after Carlotta Grisi, their best terpsichorean artiste. Mdle. Plunkett has, consequently, come to London a very different artiste from what she was when she was here last. The new *divertissement*, in which she appeared on Saturday evening, is little more than a succession of dances introduced into a brilliant *bal masqué* given in a grand saloon. The *entrée* of Mdle. Plunkett was the signal for a cheering burst of applause from the whole house; and we could not forbear from cogitating on the causes that led the visitors of the Royal Italian Opera to receive the fair *danseuse* with tenfold the enthusiasm they did Fanny Elssler on her first appearance. What a sphinx a theatrical audience is! In her first *pas* it was evident that Mdle. Plunkett was a close follower in the steps of Fanny Elssler and Carlotta Grisi. Some of her twinkling steps were really worthy the great originator herself, while her sylph-like bounds and graceful *poses* proved her the best disciple of the charming Carlotta. Mdle. Plunkett obtained immense applause in her preliminary essay. In the *pas de deux* with Mabilie, her art was more completely exhibited, and her dancing was extremely brilliant and elegant. Her evolutions and *tours de force* were performed with a facility and accuracy that could not be surpassed, while her attitudes were highly graceful and striking. In this *pas* she reminded us forcibly of the inimitable Carlotta, in whose school, we were more assured than before, she had grounded her style. The applause consequent on this splendid effort, was most enthusiastic. In the *L'Andalusia*, a version of the *cachoucha*, she displayed her talents in the Elsslerian school, and danced with immense effect. In this *pas*, which exhibits to perfection the graces and attitudes of a *danseuse*, she was, perhaps, more striking than in any previous effort. Her *poses* were extremely beautiful and commanding, while the mechanism of her steps were the admiration of every

beholder. The *L'Andalusia* was the great triumph of the night for Mdle. Plunkett. A more successful first appearance could not be witnessed, and the managers have to congratulate themselves in obtaining the services of a most elegant and accomplished artiste. It is not necessary to allude to the remaining dancers of the entertainment. We must not, however, omit mentioning our favourite Baderna, who performed two *pas*, *La Bayonnaise*, and *La Viletta*, in her customary neat and finished style.

The success of Mdle. Steffanoni caused the proprietors to announce *Ernani* for Tuesday evening; but Salvi being taken suddenly ill, the *Barbiere* was substituted, Mario taking the Count's part, and we lost the opportunity of hearing the fair *débütante* in her second essay. Mario's performance of Count Almaviva was as capital as ever and his singing beautiful exceedingly. He was welcomed back to his old part with enthusiasm. On Thursday *Anna Bolena* was produced (first time) for Grisi's benefit. The cast embraced, Tamburini in Henry the Eighth; Mario in Percy; Tagliafico in Rochfort; Alboni in Smeaton; Corbari in Jane Seymour; and Grisi in Anna. As we have not space in our columns this week to give the lengthened account we intend of the performance of *Anna Bolena*, we have extracted two notices from the morning journals, which coincide as closely as possible with our own opinions. The learned critic in the *Daily News* thus alludes to the performance:—

"*Anna Bolena* was performed at Covent Garden last evening, for the first time, at that theatre. The performance was for the benefit of Grisi, and the fair *prima donna* probably never achieved a grater triumph. The opera is certainly Donizetti's *chef d'œuvre*; and the English queen is one of the characters in which Grisi's genius shines with the greatest lustre. Familiar as her representation of it is to the public, the audience, last evening, seemed to regard it almost as a novelty; their bursts of vehement applause appearing to express surprise as well as pleasure at its splendour. It was, from beginning to end, a wonderful exhibition of vocal power, but its musical excellencies were made subservient to its truth, energy, and pathos, as a dramatic representation. In the great scene which closes the first act, her exclamation, 'Guidici!—ad Anna!' was worthy of a Siddons; and her dying accents, in the final air, 'Cielo, a miei lungi spasimi,' were inexpressibly sweet and mournful. Her reception throughout the evening was enthusiastic. When she first appeared she was loudly welcomed; she was called for at the end of the first act; and at the end of the opera, after she had appeared before the curtain along with the other principal performers, she was again called for, the audience not being satisfied till she had presented herself twice, to receive showers of bouquets and wreaths from the boxes, and cheers and acclamations from every part of the house. Madame Grisi well deserves such a reception, not only from her transcendent powers, but from her strenuous and never-failing exertions in the discharge of her duty to the public. Tamburini's performance of *King Henry* was not inferior to that of Lablache; in aspect, costume, and action, he was a perfect picture of the terrible monarch; and his fine voice and energy of expression gave immense effect to the music of his part. Mdle. Alboni was *Smeaton*, a part quite fitted for her, and which she performed beautifully. She looked the youthful page to admiration, and her singing was delicious. In the romance, which *Smeaton* sings by the queen's command, in the first scene, her charming contralto tones, and exquisitely smooth and graceful execution, had such an effect that the air was encored with acclamations, and almost encored a second time. Mdle. Corbari was the best representative of *Jane Seymour* that we have seen; her action was natural and intelligent, and she sang with elegance and sweetness. We cannot omit to notice the singular beauty of the scenery, and the richness and magnificence of the manner in which this opera has been put upon the stage. As much care was bestowed in this respect as if it had been the first production of a new opera. The theatre was crowded in every part."

We take leave respectfully to correct the critic in two instances. Grisi was called for *twice* after the first act; and *three times* at the end. The accomplished writer in the *Morning Herald* is no less enthusiastic in his remarks:—

"Last night, Grisi appeared in her famous part of *Anna Bolena*. This opera, one of the best of Donizetti's, was highly popular in the days of Pasta, who first gave it importance by the tragic grandeur of her acting. The celebrity of this great artiste in it has, however, been thrown into shadow by the genius of Grisi, whose execution of the heroine has long been one of her most remarkable *chefs d'œuvre*. It is, in short, a part in which, as in other cases, she is not likely to meet with rivalry, for no singer of the day equals her in the demonstrations of insulted pride and resentful passion, like those which here abound. She again gave vitality to many ineffaceable remem-

brances. Her collision with the King in the finale to the first act, when frenzied by his jealous imputations, she now beseeches his forbearance, and now impetuously proclaims her innocence, were the fine strokes of histrionic power they ever were. The scene, too, in which she learns from Jane Seymour the cruel intentions of the monarch, with its bursts of surprise, wounded feeling, and angry apostrophe, is another of the deeply-coloured pictures of womanly irritation, unrivalled in its developments of affronted bitterness, not unmingled with the graces of pity, which Grisi alone can paint. Nor is the whole of the *dénouement* less entitled to the admiration it meets with, although bereft of those exhausting expositions of indignation, to which the miseries of utter and overwhelming hopelessness present so strong a contrast. In all these situations, Grisi exhibited the force of olden times, and filled up the dramatic outline with a breadth surpassed upon no former occasion; while her singing was an unbroken flood of masterly and brilliant vocalism—the cavatina, 'Dolce guidami,' in the last scene, being, as usual, the most fascinating of her solos. She was called for twice after each act, and absorbed all the bouquets that were thrown upon the stage. Mdle. Alboni, being entrusted with the little part of Smeaton, gave it the interest it would naturally derive from so pure and winning a vocalist as herself. She sang all the music beautifully—obtaining a loud encore for her first air. Notwithstanding an apology was made for Mario on the plea of hoarseness, there seemed to be but little real necessity for it, that admirable artiste executing the character of Percy with his accustomed sweetness and finish. His 'Vivi tu,' Rubini's pet triumph, was given with the nicest taste, and would have been encored, had not the intimation of the apologist been remembered. Corbari, as Jane Seymour, got through her two duets—neither of them matters of insignificance—with further accumulations of credit; and Tamburini is second to no one as the personator of the relentless Henry. The opera was, in every respect, broadly and effectively represented, the chorus singers exhibiting the greatest precision and vigour, while the orchestra was literally superb. The dresses and decorations were also rich and costly; one of the scenes, the vestibule of the King's council room, with its vista of perforated arches, its lanterns, trophies, and royal yeomen, meriting a separate and special word of praise."

En attendant our own notice, the above articles on the Royal Italian Opera will convey some notion of the enthusiasm created by the whole performance in general, and of Grisi's in particular. D. R.

LEIGH HUNT.

WE have read no notice in the public journals for a long while that gave us more real pleasure than the following announcement:—"Lord John Russell has intimated to Mr. Leigh Hunt, in the handsomest manner, that it has pleased Her Majesty to confer upon him a pension of two hundred a year!" The old saying, "better late than never," is here happily exemplified; but it is a matter of no small wonder, indeed, that the grace should have been so long deferred. Nothing could be more invidious, or more unworthy of any government than the withholding a pension from a person, in every respect entitled to it from the Literary Fund, on no other grounds than simply because he was their opponent in politics. The object of the Literary Fund, we take it, is to provide for the necessities of those who have advanced the literature of their country, and who, by their writings, have tended to humanize and elevate the social feelings, independent of all bias from party motives, or sectarian opinions. With this fact staring us in the face, it is amazing how any government could have overlooked the amiable and accomplished writer, whose name stands at the head of our article. Leigh Hunt was one of the most conscientious writers of his day, and whether his principles were right, or wrong, he laboured zealously and manfully in the cause of humanity. With a dignified sense of the cause in which he wrought; stooping to no power, nor ever, "crooking the pregnant hinges of the knee, where thrift might follow fawning;" devoting his mind and his pen to the advancement of morality and the best interests of man, he went forward unshrinking determined, and never swerved from the rigid line his conscience dictated. That he had many and powerful enemies was the natural consequence of his unflinching spirit, and his detestation of subserviency. The friend of Shelley—the apostle of good and the hardy regenerator of man—Leigh Hunt proved himself one, who, if he had power, would use it to render the world better

and wiser. If his efforts failed, it must be attributed to the world that would not be ameliorated, not to the writer who expended his time and talents in showing vice in its true colours, and virtue in its own fair light. As a poet, if Leigh Hunt shine among the lesser luminaries of that brilliant constellation which dazzled Europe at the beginning of the present century, he acknowledges no borrowed radiance, and rejoices in a lustre more pure and unsullied than issues from many a more glorified orb. His writings are characterised by great simplicity and kindly feeling, are imbued with exceeding grace, and have a turn of natural sentiment quite captivating. His *Rimini* is a poem of sterling worth. His best work, in our opinion, is "Lord Byron and some of his Contemporaries." In this work he defends himself most manfully from the aspersions of his enemies, and gives us a picture of his domestic feelings that makes the heart yearn towards him as a husband and a father. His critical notes of Shelley and Keats are inimitable specimens of analytic writing. Leigh Hunt has also wrought successfully as a dramatic poet. Previous to the bestowal of the pension, two dramatic performances were announced as about to take place at the Royal Italian Opera, Mr. Beale, the director, with his usual liberality, having granted the use of the theatre gratuitously. These performances were to be given by the Gentlemen Amateurs, who have figured on the boards of Miss Kelly's and the St. James's Theatres. An address was written by Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, to be spoken at the first representation, and another by Sergeant Talfourd, to be delivered on the second evening. After the announcement of the pension it was thought advisable to forego the performances altogether; a mode of proceeding we consider questionable, as it hinders many admirers of Leigh Hunt from paying their homage to his worth and talents. We have little doubt that the friendly committee who projected the getting up of the performances, have been guided in their withdrawal by Mr. Leigh Hunt himself. It is, however, determined that a dramatic performance, by the same gentlemen, shall take place, in behalf of the poet, at Liverpool, to be followed by another at Manchester. It cannot be doubted, with such an object in view, that the entertainment will meet with hearty and universal support.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

HAYMARKET.—Mrs. Glover's benefit took place on Friday week. We are glad to announce that the theatre was crowded on the occasion, and that the greatest homage was paid to the incomparable artist by a most critical audience. Her performances of the Widow Green, in *The Love Chase*, and Miss Biffin, in *Popping the Question*, are too well-known to call for any remarks now. Cheer after cheer followed her entrance, and the applause she received throughout the evening was enough to satisfy a very *gourmand* of praise. May she live many years to receive the same great tribute to her unsurpassable abilities. Murphy's stale comedy of *All in the Wrong*, has been revived with great completeness, but, we fear, to little purpose. Splendidly as it is put on the stage, and finely as it is interpreted by the actors, especially by Mr. Webster and Mrs. Nisbett, in Sir John and Lady Restless, we think the comedy cannot outlive a few performances. Nevertheless, to those who would like to see a comedy of a certain class, such as enchain our forefathers, and tended nearly to extinguish the glowing lights of Congreve, and which was considered the climacteric of witty writing in its time, *All in the Wrong* will prove a source of great entertainment, and give rise to much speculation. The greatest possible care has

been expended in its production at the Haymarket. The dresses are splendid and correct, and the scenery painted with the finest possible effect. Mr. Webster cannot be praised too highly for his endeavours to provide novelty and entertainment for his visitors.

FRENCH PLAYS.—The queen of tragedy is again among us, she who wears the mantle and the diadem as no real queen ever wore them; who has in a single inflexion of her voice, grief, rage, remorse, and the most tender and devoted love; Mademoiselle Rachel, the divine interpreter of the great poets, the incarnation of their sublimest conceptions and aspirations. Unfortunately her genius is so dazzling, that the other luminaries are cast into utter darkness by her presence, and fittingly, or at least coldly listened to, when she is away. This interrupts, in a measure, the action of the story, and would almost induce authors to imitate musical composers, who fit their scores to the voices with which they have to deal, and compose their music to measure. Neither can we blame them, although art suffers and languishes, and is thereby stunted in its development. The piece chosen for Madlle. Rachel's *début* was *Les Horaces*, by Corneille, in which her part, a mere episode in itself, is rendered by her the most prominent of all. We last year entered into a minute analysis of the principal and most salient points of her conception, we shall not therefore tire our readers by repeating them, suffice it to say, that she stood forth in succession the retiring, modest maiden, the loving sister, the devoted lover, surpassing even herself as she threw off the old, and took up a new phasis of the character. The curse on her brother was electrical, and there was a sort of savageness in her anathema on Rome, which made the blood run cold. None can forget the burst of ferocity given in that full-toned, deep, hollow voice, which commences with—

"Rome l'unique objet de mon ressentiment!"

and finishes in a paroxysm of rage, in which she identifies herself with the vengeance she calls down on the cause of her sorrows, and winds up with—

"Puisse—je"

Moi seule en être cause, et mourir de plaisir!"

On Wednesday we witnessed the performance of *Marié Stuart*, adapted from the German of Schiller, or, we should rather say, mutilated to suit the exigencies of the classical mania, which, however omnipotent in the minds of exclusively scholastic students, and however admirable in the great Greek dramatists, and in some few of our modern copyists, become supremely ludicrous when applied to modern subjects and ideas, inasmuch as the pith and marrow of the subject matter are sacrificed to mere forms and conventionalities, formal and freezing as the Roman toga, or the Greek tunic, on the shoulders of the northern barbarian. In the present version of *Marié Stuart*, there is none of that variety of character which forms the great interest of *Camille*, *Phédre*, and *Roxelane*, and which progressing onwards to a grand climax, interests in its development, and eventually winds up the tale by a grand and striking *dénouement*; we have here but one side of the character of the heroine, a very incomplete history of her trials and misfortunes, and the plot marred by an almost universal sameness of colouring. There is, however, one great scene, which redeems all imperfections, that of the meeting of the two queens. This is taken almost verbatim from the German, and displays a wonderful knowledge of the human passions and of stage effect. In this scene Mademoiselle Rachel threw all her energies, and displayed such virulent and withering hate towards her sister-queen, as amounted to absolute ferocity. The sudden transition from prayer and supplication to

intense hatred—her humility subjected to the most severe ordeal—her bye-play, when taunted with the fate of her lovers, was admirable. The whole of this scene was listened to with breathless and intense earnestness, and will bear our entering into more minute details. *Marie* throws herself at the feet of Elizabeth, she exclaims—

"Reine, ne laissez pas votre sœur malheureuse,
Tremblante à vos genoux vous supplier en vain ;
Et, pour la relever, tendez-lui votre main."

The position of the actress is admirably descriptive of the once proud and haughty queen, now a suppliant at the feet of her rival, she extends her hand, but when Elizabeth answers—

"Le ciel, juste entre nous, vous met à votre place,"

she starts to her feet, a sudden thrill pervades her whole frame, and the spirit of revenge, although subdued, begins to rise within her; she continues, however, in her endeavours, and in answer to the queen's threat—

"Il menaçait ma tête, il va frapper la vôtre."

she answers—

"Je suis soumise à Dieu; mais j'en garde l'espoir,
Vous n'abuserez pas d'un semblable pouvoir."

her anger seems to have vanquished, to give way to the profoundest humility, until Elizabeth again launches forth into vituperations on the amours of her captive, then the whole current of her anger, dammed up for a time, bursts forth with irresistible impetuosity, and she exclaims—

"Ah ! je ne voudrais pas au prix d'une couronne ;
Au prix de tous ces bords que la mer environne,
Pour les trésors du monde, échangeant mes liens,
Etre telle à vos yeux que vous le seriez aux miens."

Her cry, "*Oh, ma sœur !*" was full of indignation, and spoke volumes of undisguised contempt and abhorrence. Her vehemence can no longer be restrained—she stands erect and firm before her haughty jailer—she proudly asserts her claims to the throne, and crushes her rival, who writhes in agony under the infliction—

"Le fruit de l'adultère,
Profane insolemment le trône de l'Angleterre."

Si le ciel était juste, indigne souveraine,
Vous seriez à mes pieds, car je suis votre reine."

This was given with wonderful and startling ferocity; her exultation is at its height—she is repaid for all her humiliations—she has trampled her under her feet before her lover—she knows her fate, and embraces it with ardour, for she is revenged beyond her most sanguine hopes—

"Oui devant Leicester. Il doublait mon courage,
Je lisais mon triomphe écrit sur son visage.
Oui, quand j'humiliais des charmes orgueilleux,
Leicester était là : J'étais reine à ses yeux."

We have never seen such an effect as that produced by this scene; it was indeed the triumph of histrionic art. The fifth act has nothing striking about it, and is much too long, even when Mademoiselle Rachael is on the stage; there is a heaviness, a tediousness, which makes the fall of the curtain desirable. This is the author's fault, and we should suggest a few curtailments absolutely necessary. The part of Mortimer was played by M. Raphael Félix with much tact and discrimination. Helas ! for a worthy Leicester. We have seen Talma in the part, and M. Marius must suffer from the comparison. This gentleman is, however, better than he was last year; he has evidently been at some pains to restrain his too powerful lungs within proper limits. Madlle Rabut was the Queen, and read the part tolerably, rather too amiably and graciously to come up to our idea of the daughter of Bluff King Hal. We must, however, do Madlle. Rabut the justice to say, that

we were pleased with her performance of Valérie. Madlle. Vallée, in the part of Calorine, was exceedingly pleasing and lady-like. M. Rhozevil also deserves a word of commendation. Of *Tancrède* we shall speak in our next.

J. de C—e.

CONCERTS.

MISS DOLBY AND MR. LINDSAY SLOPER.—It is not necessary to tell the readers of the *Musical World* who is Miss Dolby, or who Mr. Lindsay Sloper, or to remind them of the high position they both hold in their profession, and in the esteem of the public. The concert given by them in conjunction, on Wednesday evening, the 23rd ult., in the Hanover Square Rooms, was one of the best of the whole season. The programme was highly interesting and varied with judgment. Mr. Willy's efficient little concert band attended, and performed Beethoven's overture to *Coriolanus*, and Sterndale Bennett's overture to the *Naiads*; the former under the conduct of Mr. Benedict, the latter under that of the composer. After tendering our acknowledgments to Miss Dolby and Mr. Lindsay Sloper for their good taste and artist-like spirit in supplying their friends with an orchestra (a fashion, by the way, which appears, happily, to be coming into vogue again, if we may judge by the present season), we must express the pleasure we experienced at hearing the overture to *Coriolanus*, which, though one of the masterpieces of Beethoven, is rarely heard in public, and is treated with marked neglect by the Philharmonic Society, notwithstanding the encore it received at its last performance, five years ago, under the direction of Mendelssohn. But let us hasten to speak of the performances of the excellent concert-givers. Miss Dolby first sang Mozart's lovely recitative and air, "*Resta O Cara*." Of this beautiful composition, and of the exquisite style in which Miss Dolby renders it, we have so often spoken, that it is enough to say she sang it as well as ever, and thereby thoroughly delighted every true amateur and musician in the room. Her next essay was the florid *cavatina* from *Semiramide*, "*Ah quel giorno*," which Miss Dolby vocalised in a style of perfection that would have charmed Grisi herself, and evidently much pleased Madlle. Jenny Lind, who was in the room, and applauded our clever English "*nightingale*" as heartily as any one of the audience. Miss Dolby last demonstrated her talent in a couple of ballads, "*Forget thee*," by G. E. Hay, and "*Primroses deck the banks*," by T. Linley, both of which she rendered with infinite taste and feeling. The former is an elegant specimen of the sentimental school, which now obtains among our English ballad-makers, so different from the "*Chevy-Chace*," "*Nut-browne Maydes*," and "*Gawaine-and-Golograses*," that delighted our fathers. The second is a favourable specimen of the elder Linley's style. Mr. Lindsay Sloper performed thrice. His first essay was in Mendelssohn's *rondo brillante* in B minor, one of the early works of that great master and at the same time one of his most beautiful. This was the first opportunity we have had of hearing the admirable young pianist in conjunction with an orchestra. It is one thing to play *solos* and another thing to play *concertos*. For our own parts, in opposition to existing prejudices, we hold the latter to be by far the most difficult and by far the most honourable. It was, therefore, with double pleasure that we listened to Mr. Sloper on this occasion. The masterly ease with which he played proved him to possess, beyond a question, that experience without which a pianist may be a very good pianist but still only a pianist and not a musician. Mr. Sloper's reading of Mendelssohn's *rondo* was quite in the spirit of the author, and the great rapidity with which he took the time of the *allegro* was justified by the unerring precision with which he executed it. It was altogether a very finished and musician-like performance, Mr. Willy and his orchestra contributing their share of the general effect. Mr. Sloper's next performance was, in company with Mr. Benedict, a MS duet for two pianofortes, composed expressly for this occasion. The duet is a work of too much thought and elaboration to be critically dismissed after a single hearing. We shall, therefore, merely say that we listened to it with that attention which was due to the merits and reputation of its young and rising composer, and were enabled to discern clearness of design, beautiful and well contrasted themes, and careful and consistent elaboration; moreover, as a

display for the qualifications of two first-rate pianists it is highly effective and brilliant, and this was strikingly demonstrated by Mr. Benedict and Mr. Sloper, who played it in the most finished and admirable style. Stephen Heller's characteristic study, *La Chasse*, was the last piece executed by Mr. Sloper. This short sketch is as difficult as it is beautiful. Mr. Sloper took it at an immensely rapid pace, but sustained it to the end with unflagging power. We must dismiss the rest of the concert in a few lines. The other instrumental performances consisted of a *concertino* for two violins, composed by Fuchs, a Viennese professor, and performed with prodigious neatness and brilliancy by the clever brothers, Joseph and George Hellmesberger; and the Wedding March, from Mendelssohn's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, rendered with great spirit by Mr. Willy's orchestra. The vocal music offered a large variety of popular and classical *morceaux*, the former claiming the preponderance. Mr. H. Phillips gave his *scena*, (MS.) "On Lena's gloomy heath," which Mendelssohn composed expressly for him, and which he originally introduced at the first Philharmonic concert of the present season; and Miss Rainforth contributed an exceedingly pretty ballad from Tully's opera of *The Forest Maiden* (recently produced with great success at the Surrey Theatre); Madame Dorus Gras treated us to her air, "Des l'enfance," from Anber's *Le Serment*, Panofka's charming *romanza* and *mazurka*, "Il mal di paese d'una Polacca," and Clemenceau's romance, "La bouquetière du roi;" The Misses Pyne gave the duet "The ties of friendship," from Benedict's *Crusaders*; Miss L. Pyne displayed her great progress as a florid vocalist in the *aria*, "O luce di quest'anima," (*Linda di Chamouni*); Mlle. Vera and Miss Dolby sang the duet, "Divisi noi," from Rossini's *Bianca e Faliero*; Signors Brizzi and Ciabatta contributed the duet, "Parlar spiegar," from the same composer's *Mosé in Egitto*, and Signor Ciabatta sang the *barcarole* of Tadolini, "Se la vita;" Madame Dorus Gras, Mlle. Vera, Miss Pyne, and Miss Dolby, interpreted a sparkling and pretty *quartet* of Gabussi, "La rivolta del seraglio;" Madame Macfarren again delighted us with the beautiful air from Mozart's *Il curioso indiscreto*, which she has so opportunely rescued from oblivion; and lastly, John Parry introduced his "Lalla Rookh," which being *encored* he replaced by another of the joint *facétie* of himself and the prolific Albert Smith. Mr. Willy was, of course, the leader of his own band, and Messrs. Benedict, Sloper, and Kûhe officiated as accompanists at the piano. Mr. John Parry, however, be it understood, accompanied himself—we should like to know who could accompany him—and Miss Dolby followed his example in her two ballads. The room was crammed to overflowing, and the programme afforded unanimous satisfaction. We have little doubt that Miss Dolby and Mr. Lindsay Sloper divided a good £300, net profit, between them—an event which, in the present dearth of public encouragement, is an indisputable proof of their high and deserving popularity.

MR. STEPHEN CHAMBERS, gave a *matinée musicale* on Tuesday last, at 16, Berners Street, Oxford Street. The vocalists comprised, Mesdames C. E. Horn and Stephen Chambers, Miss Ellen Lyon, Mr. C. E. Horn, Mr. Handel Gear, Mr. Wetherbee and Herr Brandt. The instrumentalists were Mr. Stephen Chambers (piano), Mr. Gerhard Taylor (harp), and Herr Lobbeck (clarinet). The performances afforded much satisfaction. Among the excellencies of the concert we may briefly notice a recitative and aria from *Torquato Tasso*, by Mr. C. E. Horn; a comic duet by Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Horn: a grand fantasia on the harp by Gerhard Taylor; Weber's Concert Stück on the piano, by Mrs. Stephen Chambers; and a very pleasing ballad of his own composition, sung by Mr. Handel Gear. Messrs. C. E. Horn and Handel Gear were the conductors.

MR. STOCKING gave an evening entertainment at the Princess's Concert Room, on the 16th ult. The vocal performers numbered Madame F. Lablache, the Misses Emily Badger, Lucy Pettigrew, Clara Soane, A. Alexander, Mademoiselle Cinzia Pagliardini, the Signors Brizzi, Massone, F. Lablache, and Pagliardini, and the Messrs. Phillip, Clark and Mr. John Parry. The instrumental executants, were Mlle. Cinzia Pagliardini (pianoforte), Master Thirlwall (violin), and Mr. John Balsir Chatterton (harp.) Press of matter precludes us from entering into particulars. Mr. R. H. Andrews and Mr. Stocking officiated as conductors.

MADAME DULCKEN'S CONCERT.—The fair and accomplished

pianist provides, annually, a concert of such magnitude and importance, that it looks somehow, as though she thought it an unfulfilment of her duty to her patrons and admirers that an entertainment of some such kind had not taken place every day in the year, Sundays excepted, or included, as it might be, and that being precluded from giving these diurnal feasts, she thought it incumbent on her to combine the musical strength that might have been expanded over three hundred and sixty-five days into one. Let the reader but consider the programme and he will readily agree with us. It is as long and as wealthy as Regent Street.

PART I.—TRIO, "La scena è un mar instabile," Signori Brizzi, F. Lablache, and Lablache. (*Scaramuccia*). Ricci.—Aria, "Della vita," Herr Hoelzel. (*Il Bravo*). Mercadante.—Variations, Mademoiselle De Mendi. (*Cenerentola*). Rossini.—Air, "O ruddier than the cherry," Herr Staudigl. (*Acis and Galatea*). Handel.—New German Songs, "Die junge Nonne," and "Frühlings Lied," (First time of performance, Madame Knispel. Mangold.—Duetto, "La più pura," Miss A. and M. Williams. Gabussi.—Tema con Variazioni e Finale, Pianoforte, Viola, Violoncello, Contra Basso, Flute, Hautboy, and Horn: Madame Dulcken, Messrs. Hill, Hausmann, Howell, Pratten, Lavigne, and Jarrett. Hummell.—Romanza, "Spirito gentil," Signor Marras. (*La Favorite*). Donizetti.—Romanza ed Aria, "Vieni, ah vieni," Madame Anaide Castellani. (First time of performance). (*Leonora*). Mercadante.—Adagio and Rondo, Violin and Solo, Herr Joachim. (*First Concerto*). Rossini.—Scena and Aria, "Cecilian Vesper," expressly composed for and sung by Herr Pischek. (First time of performance). Lindpaintner.—Duet, "Dunque io son," Madame and Signor F. Lablache. (*Il Barbiere*). Rossini.—Grand Air, "Quel doux espoir!" (First time of performance), M. Roger, Premier Tenor de l'Opera Comique de Paris, (his first appearance in London). (*Lambert Simnel*). A. Adam.—New Caprice on National Bohemian Airs, Pianoforte, Madame Dulcken. Schulhoff.—Romance, "Una vergine," Signor Gardoni. (*La Favorite*). Donizetti.—Couplets, "La Bouquetière du Roi," Madame Dorus Gras. Clemenceau.—Trio, "Pensa è guarda," Signor Lablache, Signor Coletti, and Herr Staudigl. (*Margarita d'Anjou*). Meyerbeer.—Duet for two violins, Messrs. Joseph and George Hellmesberger. Dancs.—New Scene, "Lalla Rookh," being a grand Oriental Overland Transit Buffo Romance, written by Mr. Albert Smith. Arranged by John Parry. Mr. John Parry.

PART II.—Quatuor, "Largo per sempre," Madame Castellani, Signori Fraschini, F. Lablache, and Lablache. (*Parisina*). Donizetti.—Duo, "Oh, du Geliebte," Miss Birch and Herr Staudigl. (*The Exile*). Nicolai.—Romanza, "Seul sur la terre," Signor Gardoni. (*Don Sebastien*). Donizetti.—Solo, Harp, "La Danse des Sylphes," Monsieur Felix Godefroid. Godefroid.—Duet, "Sul campo della gloria," Signori Fraschini and Coletti. (*Belisario*). Donizetti.—Duet, "Sul' aria," Madame Castellani and Madame Dorus Gras. (*Nozze di Figaro*). Mozart.—Fantaisie Militaire for Three Pianofortes (first time of performance), on Themes, from the Opera, *The Camp of Silesia*, by Meyerbeer, Mad. Dulcken, Messrs. W. Kuhe and Schulhoff. W. Kuhe.—Aria, "Du, die mie holder," Herr Pischek. (First time of performance). Zampa. Herold.—Aria, "M'inganno la mia speranza," Signor Fraschini. (*Adieu*). Donizetti.—Trio for three Violins, Herren Joseph and George Hellmesberger, and Mr. Sainton. (First time of performance). G. Hellmesberger.—Song, "Ah! quel plaisir d'être Soldat." (First time of performance), M. Roger. (*La Dame Blanche*). Boildieu.—Aria, "Ah rammento," Miss Birch. (*Leonora*). Mercadante.—Schifferlied, Herr Staudigl. (First time of performance). Speyer.—Duo, "Voi siete un nom' di spirito," Signor Coletti and Signor Lablache. (*Falstaff*). Balfe.—Capriccio, Flute, on an Air by Bellini, Signor Cesare Ciardi. Ciardi.—Serenade, "Deh, vieni alla finestra," Herr Pischek, and Violin obligato, Herr Joseph Hellmesberger. (*Don Giovanni*). Mozart.—Il Tremolo, "Air Italien," Pianoforte, (first time of performance), Madame Dulcken, Charles Mayer.—Chanson de Mai, Madame Henelle. Meyerbeer.—Aria, "Alla mia mente estatica," Signor Gardoni. (*Falstaff*). Balfe.—Trio, "Troncar se," Signori Fraschini, Lablache, and Coletti. (*Guillaume Tell*). Rossini.—Chorus, "Ridiamo, cantiamo." Nicolai.

From such a glittering heap of musical jewellery, what article of price shall we select for especial remark? or what shall we omit, from our unavoidably brief notice, that may not look invidious in the eyes of the assistants? To avoid this, we may state at once, generally, that the concert was one of the most brilliant that ever drew together a crowded assembly; that the performances on the whole were admirable, and that everybody appeared delighted with the entertainments; the only complaint being made, was, that many of the semi-fashionable folks had lost their dinner from the lateness of the hour to which the monster concert was spun out. *Place à la bénéficiaire*—we must first allude to the performances of Madame Dulcken—and yet, why comment upon the excellences of that of

which all are cognisant, and which none dispute? Why descant upon the voluble fingers, the exquisite taste, the fine mechanism, the delicate colouring, the truthful reading, and brilliant style of Madame Dulcken's pianoforte playing, when only to mention her performance is to leave others to suppose them? Will not each and all of the above qualities be readily understood, when we merely name that the great *pianiste* played in her best style? Indeed the public are so well aware of the artist's abilities, and have been so accustomed to read daily encomiums on her playing that we should not wonder if they would consider any further praise as superfluous as adding perfume to the violet, or new blushes to the rose. Enough to say Madame Dulcken's performance of Schullhoff's *Caprice* was characterised by all her excellence of method and expression; that the *Il Tremolo* was played to perfection; and that her portions in the *Otello* and the *Fantaisie Militaire* were as brilliantly executed as possibly could be. This last was a grand display of pianoforte playing by the three artistes. A word must suffice in praise of Godefroid's *solo*, and Joachim's *adagio* and *rondo*, both exquisitely performed: nor must we omit, among the instrumental excellences, the violin performances of the Messrs. Hellmesberger and Sainton, and the flute playing of Signor Ciardi—all admirable. From the vocal department we can only select a few performances for notice, with which the reader must rest satisfied. First of all, as the great novelty of the entertainments, we are led to point out M. Roger's singing. This gentleman made his first appearance in London at this concert. His singing of Adolph Adam's song exhibited him as one of the first of living tenors, whether we refer to his vocal powers, or his art. M. Roger's voice is exquisitely pure, mostly proceeding from the chest, and rings like a silver bell. He is entirely free from that nasality of tone which is so much injurious to the singing of the French school. His style is simple and chaste, and his method of vocalisation irreproachable. M. Roger produced an immense sensation in both his songs. We really have not room to specify any other portion of the vocal scheme. When all is excellent it is no easy task to select for preference. The conductors were Messrs. Benedict, Kuhe, and Vincent Wallace.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—After the first act of *Anna Bolena* on Saturday, when Grisi was called for, a magnificent *cadeau*, in the shape of a bracelet, was thrown from one of the stage boxes, which was handed to Grisi, who immediately placed it on her arm. The bracelet, which was inlaid with the most valuable jewels, and was of solid gold, bore an inscription as follows:—"From the Dowager Countess of Essex to Madame Grisi, on the occasion of her benefit as a small token of admiration for her talent and genius." Could any thing be more gratifying to the great Italian artist than a tribute from one of the greatest singers England ever saw? We have been assured that among all the costly *bijouterie*, the jewels of price, and countless *cadeaux* with which Grisi has been presented, there is none more prized than the bracelet so graciously presented to her on Thursday night.

HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS.—A Grand Concert took place last evening for the benefit of the Italian Gratuitous School, Greville Street, Hatton Garden. All the principal artists of the Royal Italian Opera assisted, by permission of Mr. Beale. The rooms were crowded to suffocation. A splendid concert was provided.

MADemoiselle Sophie Fuoco has arrived in London and will make her first appearance in a new grand *ballet* on Thursday next at the Royal Italian Opera.

EXETER HALL.—Spohr's Grand Oratorio, *The Fall of Babylon*, conducted by the composer, was given last night before a very large audience. The lateness of the hour, and the crowded state of our columns, preclude us from entering into a notice of the performance till next week. In our next number, we shall enter into a copious and analytic review of the work of the great master.

MR. MOSCHELES.—Messrs. Puttick & Simpson have announced to sell by auction, on Friday the 23rd inst. the extensive and valuable musical library of the above eminent composer and pianist, in consequence of his departure from this country. Among the works of Mr. Moscheles to be submitted to public auction, there will be found several of rare value. We direct the reader's attention to our advertisement sheet for further particulars.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—We are glad to hear, that a *MS. Symphony* by Mr. W. Bayley, and a *Harp Concerto* by Mr. John Thomas, will be performed at the Academy Concert this morning. Mr. Thomas will, of course, play his own concerto.

MR. FREDERICK WEBSTER.—The stage-director of the Haymarket Theatre, has announced his benefit for Tuesday next, when will be given a series of entertainments, which will combine the talents of the Haymarket and Adelphi companies. John Parry and other auxiliaries will assist. Mr. F. Webster, is the author of the clever "Analysis on the human voice," now being written in the pages of the *Musical World*, and we trust our numerous readers will not overlook his claim on their support in consequence. Mr. F. Webster is a Brother of the Ancient Order of Freemasons.

TO OUR READERS.

Erratum in the last article on "Elijah."—In comparing the social conditions of Mozart and Mendelssohn, and their consequent influence on their works, we spoke of the embarrassed life of the former which compelled him to write hastily. In the following sentence the compositor has made us say: "Mendelssohn unluckily for himself and the art, has never been in this embarrassed position. Need we say that it should be "Mendelssohn luckily for himself and the art," &c. &c.

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MR. ISAAC COLLINS, AND HIS TALENTED FAMILY OF HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE, Will give a Grand

Evening Concert of Vocal and Instrumental Music,

At the ASSEMBLY ROOMS, KENSINGTON, on MONDAY, JULY 12.
Vocalists—Miss Eivina Collins and Miss Medora Collins. Instrumental—Violin, Mr. Viotti Collins; Violoncello, Mr. George Collins; Flute, Master Frederick Collins (pupil of Mr. Richardson); Pianoforte, Miss Medora Collins, who will also perform a Solo on the Violin, and in the course of the evening will sing several of Mdlle. JENNY LIND'S Mountain Songs, and also two of THOMAS BAKER'S new Ballads (first time). Conductor, Mr. Isaac Collins.

To commence at Eight o'clock.
Tickets may be had at the above Rooms, and at Mr. Collins's Music Academy, 17, Queen's Row, Claremont Square, Islington.



HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

The Nobility, Subscribers to the Opera, and the Public are respectfully informed, that there will be an

EXTRA NIGHT

On THURSDAY NEXT, July 15, 1847,

On which occasion,

MADLLE. JENNY LIND

will appear in one of her Favourite Characters.

To be followed by various Entertainments in the **BALLET DEPARTMENT**, combining the talents of Mdle. CARLOTTA GRISI, Mdle. CAROLINA ROSATI, Madame PETIT STEPHAN, and Mdle. CERITO, M. PERROT, and M. St. LEON.

The Free List is suspended, the Public Press excepted.

*. Pit Tickets may be obtained as usual at the Box-office of the Theatre, price 10s. 6d. each. Applications for Boxes, Pit Stalls, and Tickets to be made at the Box-office, at the Theatre.—Doors open at Seven o'clock, the Opera to commence at half-past Seven.

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The doors will be opened at half-past Seven, and the performance commence at Eight o'clock.

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| No. 1.—"Pasture Song," | - - - - - | "Come hither, my pretty herd." |
| Herde Sang, | - - - - - | Kom all! di underli. |
| No. 2.—"Love Smiles no more," | - - - - - | "Hope's light is gone." |
| Tjerran i skog, | - - - - - | Lingt fran dig skild. |
| No. 3.—"The Stars of Heav'n are gleaming," | - - - - - | "Above the earth at rest." |
| Allt under Hemme lens Faste, | - - - - - | Der sitta stjer nor sma. |
| No. 4.—"Pretty, pretty Girl," | - - - - - | "Behold its image in the laughing stream." |
| Kom du lilla Fluka, | - - - - - | Sag vill du blif va nug en van sagod. |
| No. 5.—"The Postboy's Return," | - - - - - | "Trot! trot! so ho! so ho! away we go!" |
| Skjuts Gossen Pa Hemyägen, | - - - - - | Hopp! hopp! se sa! se sa! Lat ga! |
| No. 6.—"Winter warm'd into showers," | - - - - - | "Who can spy the peeping snowdrop." |
| Gladjens blomser Ijordens, | - - - - - | Hör du ej hur andar. |
| No. 7.—"The Sea King's Bride," | - - - - - | "On a shore his ocean realm was leaving." |
| Necken's Polska, | - - - - - | O gvar dvaljs du klaraste bland sternor. |

To be continued, and to include the whole of the original and extensive collection.

THESE are the only authorised Editions of the Songs actually sung by Mlle. LIND, as will be testified by those who were present at Her Majesty's Theatre on Thursday evening, June 17, 1847, and heard there for the first time in public. The originality of their composition places them quite APART from those Songs which have been produced by various Publishers, bearing the name of Mlle. LIND, but which have never been sung by her on any occasion whatever.

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| No. 1.—"Ev'ry one says it—all people know." | No. 4.—"In hope my heart that spot regaineth." |
| Ciascun lo dice, ciascun lo sa. | Qui tratto son da liete spemè. |
| No. 2.—"We now must part." | No. 5.—"We, born 'midst the rolling." |
| Convien partir. | Chi nacque al rimbombo. |
| No. 3.—"Humbly suppliant at thy feet." | No. 6.—"The world is not my text book." |
| Supplichevol al tuo piè. | Io son un uom di mondo. |

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